

END OF INSURANCE WAR IN FEW DAYS

WAY OUT OF TANGLE FOUND AT CONFERENCES WITH COMPANIES, SAYS REVELLE.

PLACES BLAME FOR AGITATION

Won't Discuss Details of Agreement, but Declares Concessions Were Made by Both Sides When Meeting Was Held.

Jefferson City.—Within a few days the Missouri insurance situation will be settled.

State Superintendent of Insurance Charles G. Revelle said he had conferred with insurance men and a way had been found out of the tangled condition of the risk war which has threatened the state since the companies agreed to leave it.

"I worked on this Thursday night till after midnight," said Mr. Revelle, "and feel we have reached a substantial agreement."

"This is really the first time the insurance companies have given us a chance to meet them face to face on the question, as they reached their agreements in meetings held in Philadelphia and Baltimore."

Both Sides Make Concessions. The insurance superintendent declined to discuss any of the details of the agreement further than to say that both the companies and the state had made concessions.

"Interest is greater in St. Louis and Kansas City than in the state," he said. "Thus far the trouble has not greatly affected business interests, or realty sales and transfers. Naturally the situation is somewhat acute in Springfield just now because of the heavy fire loss there."

That the difficulty in securing insurance had not been great at any time out in the state, is the insurance superintendent's opinion. He ascribed the greater part of the agitation to the efforts of the insurance agents and their friends.

"It is fairly easy to secure insurance at the present time," said Revelle, "and it will be much easier soon. We hope to be able to make definite announcements within a few days."

Companies' Position Unreasonable. The position taken by the companies seemed to us unreasonable from the beginning. If we had met their demands, the state would have been entirely without statutory regulation of insurance.

"We would have been forced to repeal one law that has been in existence since 1865. Others were passed in the eighties and nineties. They objected to practically all the legislation in existence applicable to the subject of insurance."

"We have had an antitrust law applicable to insurance companies and others since about 1903. They objected to this and to the valued policy law of 1889 and the statute taxing attorney's fees passed that same year."

"They objected to the statute authorizing the collection of 10 per cent damages for vexatious delays on the part of the companies. This law was passed in 1865."

Confederate Pensions Awarded.

Jefferson City.—The Cole county pension board, composed of John B. King, Thomas Green and W. C. Tauer, awarded pensions of \$100 each to the following Confederate veterans and widows: E. H. Whittington, J. T. Bridgwell, W. A. Sanders, Dexter Harding, J. L. Reeves, Rebecca Bradford, Laura M. Loving, D. W. Branch, Fanny J. Yande.

Warns on Interinsurers.

Jefferson City.—State Insurance Superintendent Revelle announced that he has information to the effect that certain individuals operating through so-called reciprocal and indemnity associations are attempting to engage in the fire insurance business in Missouri without having procured a license. He warns the people against doing any business with any concern unless it can show a license from the insurance department.

Monig Back From Hawaii.

Jefferson City.—Hugo Monig, capitalist and retired shoe manufacturer of this city, returned from a visit of a month to the Hawaiian islands. Proposed tariff legislation in Washington, he says, has caused a decided shrinkage of sugar stocks in the islands.

Finney Made First Lieutenant.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Major commissioned William D. Finney of Kansas City first lieutenant of Company A, signal corps, N. G. M., with rank from June 16.

Hangs Self at Brother's Home.

Pulaski.—Winston Lynes, 67 years old, a farmer of New Bloomfield neighborhood, in this county, was found dead in a barn at the farm of his brother, T. W. Lynes, having hanged himself.

Jefferson City.—J. C. Bassford of Mexico, was appointed chairman of the board of mediation and arbitration, to succeed the late H. J. Simmons of Clarence, who killed himself. Bassford was formerly game commissioner.

Bad Case.

"Did you hear about the dreadful mistake Dr. Sawbones made? That man he operated on for appendicitis didn't have what the doctor thought he had." "Didn't have appendicitis at all, eh?" "Oh, he had appendicitis, all right, but he didn't have any money."

Generous.

For pure selfishness the hen should bear the palm; for she clucks joyously over the egg that is to furnish some one else with an omelette.

Prison Guard Slays Convict.

Jefferson City.—Frank Black, negro convict, was shot and fatally wounded by Theodore Stuckenschneider, penitentiary guard.

The convict was attacking the guard with a knife when shot.

Black came here from St. Joseph a little more than a year ago under sentence of five years for grand larceny. He has been an extremely "bad actor" since arriving at the prison.

In a fight with a guard soon after coming here he bit and mangled the hand of the officer so severely that a thumb had to be amputated.

He had to be chained on another occasion when attempting to attack another convict with a knife. Scarcely a week has passed that he has not been in trouble.

Black had refused to work in one of the shoe shops and was transferred to the saddle-tree factory. After working there part of the day he threw down his tools, announced that he did not intend to work, and intended to "clean out the shop."

Stuckenschneider, in charge on that floor, ordered him to return to work and the negro started for him with a knife. One shot from the officer's revolver shattered the right hip of the convict and he was disarmed.

The factory was crowded with convict workmen when the shooting occurred, but discipline was maintained and no disorder followed.

The prison officers exonerate Stuckenschneider, who has a good record.

Staff Changes at Columbia.

Columbia.—The University of Missouri curators filled vacancies in the teaching staff of the university. J. A. Whitley, superintendent of buildings, resigned to go to St. Louis an engineer for the public school board.

C. A. Lynch was named his successor. J. P. Barham was made special photographer for the college of agriculture and the United States experiment station here. S. T. Simpson was appointed instructor in animal husbandry and Virginia Hudson teaching supervisor in the university practice high school. R. W. Selvidge resigned as professor of manual arts to go to Peabody college, Nashville, Tenn., and was succeeded by Ira S. Griffith of Brady polytechnic. C. H. Williams was named editor of the extension series of the University Bulletin. Dan McGuire of Jackson was made student assistant in journalism. J. W. Haney was appointed research assistant at the engineering experiment station, to replace M. X. Wilberling. J. B. Latshaw resigned as assistant in the veterinary department. Martha Agnes Troxell was named assistant in home economics. Martin E. Ryan was made assistant in engineering. Guy V. Head was appointed reader in English. Eula Weeks was made assistant in mathematics. D. Leopold was made assistant in political science.

Ask Major to Wield Shovel.

Jefferson City.—It is now up to Gov. Major to wield the pick or shovel upon the public roads on one of the two ways to be designated by him in a proclamation to be issued during this week. A moving picture concern has notified the governor that its representatives would be here to get some views of him constructing road.

Record Balance in Treasury.

Jefferson City.—There was the largest balance in the state treasury in the history of the state, at least since the civil war. It was \$5,839,431.48. This large amount of funds will not remain intact long, as nearly \$2,000,000 will be disbursed to the public schools of the state.

Major Wars on Wineries.

Jefferson City.—That there is going to be a tightening up in the enforcement of the excise laws in the large cities of the state, with probably crusades against wineries, became apparent when Gov. Major declared neither the disorderly saloon nor the winery would be tolerated.

Not Much U. S. Land Left.

Jefferson City.—There is less than 1,000 acres of government land in Missouri, according to figures obtained from Secretary of State Roach, who certified to county clerks in 43 counties a list and description of all government lands homesteaded within the last five years.

Bassford in Simmons' Place.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Major appointed J. C. Bassford of Mexico a member of the state board of mediation and arbitration to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of H. J. Simmons of Clarence, who killed himself at Kirksville last week.

"Lord Barrington" Gets Hearing.

Jefferson City.—A formal hearing of the application of F. A. Barrington Seymour, otherwise known as "Lord Barrington," who is serving a life sentence in the Missouri penitentiary for the murder of James P. McCann in St. Louis county in December, 1902, will be given by the state board of pardons and paroles.

\$100 for Capture of Negro Slayer.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Major issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$100 for the conviction of a negro named Barry Warwick, who is wanted in Saline county on a charge of murder.

Hays Family in Long Auto Ride.

Jefferson City.—J. M. Hays of St. Louis, president and manager of the Sullivan Saddle Tree Manufacturing Co. of Jefferson City, left here with his family in an automobile for a 1,500 mile drive to his ranch in South Dakota.

All Aboard.

"So you are living in the suburbs now," said Jasper. "I should think you would find the walking bad there." "Walking," replied Mr. Nutley, "who said anything about walking? Nobody walks in the suburbs. We commuters always have to run."

Habits of Men.

Some men carry a pint of small change and others never break a dollar bill until the fragments of the previous dollar have been totally expended.

GIRL AND A BEAR

Brave "Little Sister" Gets Reward for Capturing "A Great Ferocious Monster."

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

"I should die of fright," declared Nettie Farber. "I am sure I should." Why, just think of it, Beauty—way out on the very edge of civilization, wild animals, savages and mountain outlaws! No, thank you, not for me!

"But David will be there," explained Beatrice Merrill, the bride of a week, and she spoke in a simple confident way that indicated her brave bright husband to be a power of valor and strength in her estimation.

"Well, that is a good deal, I will confess," admitted Nettie. "But David can't be with you all of the time, can he? If he's going to be the great cat-

ting he thinks he is, he must have a lot of work to do. I'm sure you will faint at the first sight of a fierce cowboy, and as to those Indians—think of seeing them creeping—creeping—creeping through the grass, with their hideous tomahawks and scalping knives—ugh!" and the imaginative miss shivered in incipient hysterics.

Beatrice only smiled sweetly, optimistically. It was true she had been brought up tenderly, the only child of fond doting parents, shielded from every rude alarm, her girlhood experience a path of ever-blooming roses.

But it was true also that the rugged earnest figure of David Merrill had come into her life as a hero. His love had filled her existence magically. One of nature's real noblemen, he had come from directly next to nature to woo and win and carry away to his rude far western home a timid, inexperienced prairie flower.

And when the eventful departure came, every stage of the journey accomplished seemed to carry Beatrice into a new realm of delight. Even that last stage drive over the lonely hills and into a settlement crude as a frontier mining town was full of novelty and excitement. Beatrice clapped her hands ingeniously as some delighted child at the queer antics of

"Oh, yes!" announced Beatrice eagerly, "a great ferocious monster!" "Not at all—a harmless toothless old animal escaped from the circus in Last Limit, but valuable as a trick bear, and \$100 offered for its capture."

"Why, what is this?" inquired David Merrill, as he and his hearty crowd sat down to the smoking supper that evening, and he found a little heap of bank notes under his plate.

Then Beatrice told her story, with dancing eyes. And David swung her up in the air and kissed her at its termination, while the enthusiastic cowboys gave "Huzzah!" with an admiring echo for their "little sister."

"I won't faint!" determined Beatrice.

"Although I hardly know what to do. Oh dear!"

She suffered like a frightened butterfly. Seeking refuge or stability, the bear tore through the little house garden, aimed for the open cellar doors, dashed down the steps, and then—Beatrice ran fast as she could, reached the house, slammed down the cellar doors and set the heavy oaken bars across the heavy plank. Then she ran into the house, locked and bolted the door leading into the cellar and sat down to cry.

It was only as a relief to her overwrought excitement that the tears came, for Beatrice felt fairly triumphant. She had controlled her fright, she had caged the enemy. What an exploit to write to Nettie about! What a grand thing to narrate to her husband! How the gallant cowboys would praise and make a veritable heroine of her! Beatrice was very proud of her first exploit in capturing "a wild savage denizen of the primeval forest."

Beatrice valiantly took down the house rifle from the antlers over the dining room clock and placed it on the table. Then she got the axe from the yard. Next she added the poker to this warlike equipment.

She listened for some demonstrations from below. The "frenzied growls," the "frightful leaps," she had read about as pertaining to bears, did not ensue as she had expected. She wondered if the infuriated animal had gone to sleep. She hoped he had not discovered the old cupboard in which she kept the butter and milk.

About an hour later Beatrice heard the tramp of horses and the sound of human voices along the trail. Six mounted men came into view. Their leader doffed his hat as he drove up to the doorway where Beatrice stood. "We are looking for a stray bear," he began.

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There Burst From a Copee a Great Shaggy Bear.

the playful prairie dogs. She went wild over the splendid full colored flowers. Then when a cavalcade of genuine cowboys came to Last Limit to accompany them to the rancho, their honest loyal admiration charmed the pretty bride and she felt that she was going among true friends.

"There are no bears," she wrote excitedly to Nettie two weeks later. "The Indians are poor harmless creatures who come to the door begging only once in awhile, and make you glad to be able to be charitable. But there is the clear, clear sky—oh, so infinitely blue all of the time! And such sunsets! And the boys—dear, rough, honest fellows, who come around bashful and proud of their 'little sister,' as they call me, and who would die for me, if I asked them. And David—oh, so grand and splendid when he goes off on a horse that would scare you! And me, poor little me—gained ten pounds already, brown as a berry, and oh, so happy in this lovely peaceful spot, so sweet and solemn in the clear morning sunlight, that I reverently call it God's land!"

"As to the mountain outlaws—booh! Once there was a few of them, but they have been driven off the trail. There's a band, they say, with a leader named Buckskin Joe. They say he is a bad, desperate fellow. There's a thousand dollars offered for his capture, so it isn't likely he'll ever dare to venture near a rancho where half a dozen brave, powerful herders would be glad to make a target of him. Bugaboos, all the horrid things you predicted! Come out and see me, and see what real men look like!"

In fact Beatrice had become so in love with her new life, that one morning when she found the vicinity of the house deserted she was not one bit worried. David the day before had made a famous sale and had gone off to a distance to negotiate for a new herd. Most of the men had accompanied him. The others had been given a holiday and had gone to Last Limit, where a circus had come along.

Beatrice went about her pleasant home tasks happy as a sparrow, singing merrily, planning with delight a famous strawberry pie of gigantic proportions for her formidable horde when they should return, ravenous and delighted, at supper time. She had gathered a great apron full of the rich, luscious fruit in the ravine about a quarter of a mile from the house, when she heard shots and shouts in the distance. These died away, and she started for the house leisurely, attributing the commotion to some hurrah exploits of the cowboys on a neighboring ranch.

Then suddenly Beatrice uttered a sharp cry. There burst from a copee a great shaggy bear. Its mouth was oozing, the blood was trickling down its face, and it swung along at a fearful rate in the direction of the house.

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BROUGHT WEALTH TO PERU

Guano Beds, Consisting of Most Wonderful of Known Fertilizers, Sold for Immense Sum.

It is said that Humboldt added the greatest wealth to the reports of his discoveries when he called the serious attention of Europe to the guano beds of Peru.

Near midway of the equator and the tropic of capricorn on the Peruvian coast are the Chincha islands, whose guano deposits have been worth more in money than the copper, gold and silver of the world's best mines. For this great fertilizer \$1,000,000,000 had been paid up to the time that exports were prohibited by Peru itself.

The islands are small, high and rocky, barren and uninhabited to the last degree; yet it is said there is no other spot of equal size on the earth's surface from which so much wealth has been taken.

In some cases the deposits reached a depth of 160 to 180 feet and are calculated to be thousands of years old.

Nowhere else in the world are marine birds found in so great quantities as along this coast. Their presence in such immense numbers is due to the quantities of fish found there, upon which the birds feed. Cormorants, pelicans, seagulls and marine crows, in clouds, numbering hundreds of thousands, may be seen flying low to or from the islands.

But the birds alone could not have produced the Peruvian guano. It was necessary to have the rainless climate of these islands in order to accomplish the result.

"Rain so seldom falls that aged men can count on the fingers of one hand," says one commentator, "the times in their lives when they have seen this marvelous thing—water falling from the skies."

It is on this account that Peruvian guano in its natural state, never having been exposed to rain or dampness, has retained its nitrogen and is of such great value. Some guano contains all three elements of plant life—nitrate, phosphate and potash—and all of it contains two elements—phosphates and fixed nitrogen. It sells as high as \$100 a ton.

We Take It All Back.

In giving advice to the government's expert investigator in regard to rural health, the Cincinnati Times-Star says:

"Prevail upon the farmers to throw their frying pans, deadly, dyspepsia nurturing instruments into the ditch."

How, then, will the farmer's wife cook fried apples with New Orleans molasses, her chief hold over the farmer's disposition? What will become of the doughnut, dainty piece of resistance of the summer banquet?

And chicken, must the toothsome drumstick be wasted because some city folk have feeble digestion? What is to become of the rasher of bacon in these hygienic eras? Are ham and eggs with their sunny side up to be obsolete? Throw the frying pan into the ditch, indeed! One might as well ask the farmer to give up planting soy beans and cow peas—New York Sun.

Poor Freshman.

Senior—What do you think of the Celebra Cut?

Freshman—Well—or I never tried it. The sopho won't let me smoke a pipe—Pellcan.

Breaking Into Print.

"My cousin once wrote something and had luck—it was printed."

"What was it?"

"His marriage announcement."

WHERE FISH ABOUND

Colorado Irrigation Lakes Full of Finny Tribe.

They Are Five in Number and the Water is Clear, Cold and Spar-kling—At Small Depth Temperature is icy.

Kansas City.—North or Lamar, Colo., just across the Kansas line on the Santa Fe railway, is a series of irrigation lakes that have been made by building earthen dams across a canal forty miles long, leading from the Arkansas river. The lakes are there as a result of the suit over the waters of the Arkansas, which Kansas lost to Colorado several years ago.

Up there on the Colorado plains, two-thirds of a mile above sea level, is more than one hundred miles of shore line. Smooth, soft green prairie slopes down to the blue water. Curving about into delightful little bays, sweeping back in wide gulfs, jutting up in bold headlands, the world of flowers and grass meets and melts into the world of waters. Under the bright sunlight, seen through that crystal air, shimmering and shining, these lakes almost compel the belief that they are a mirage.

Kit Carson, could he again ride across these old familiar plains, would be tempted into trying to ride straight through what he would think must be only an appearance of water. For he and his friends never saw any really wet lake here. On a hot, still day they have seen myriads of lakes. But no real water covered these square miles in their day.

These lakes literally swarm with fish. At times they lie upon the surface so thickly that, as their fins move the whole surface is agitated as if a breeze was blowing over it. They are so plentiful that when the water is turned into the irrigation ditches the fish that have spawned and multiplied float down in schools and are carried out upon the fields of alfalfa and other crops, and the farmers gather them up in wagon loads and salt down enough in a week to last them through a whole year.

There are five of those lakes. They were finished in 1898, and the fish have been spawning and increasing in numbers ever since.

The lakes are seven miles north of Lamar, and to get there one must drive over the level prairie. The largest of the lakes is Nenoahoe, seven miles long.

A party of Kansas City men went out there recently to fish, and one of them wrote the accompanying account of their experiences. The members of the party vouch for the truth of this story in its entirety.

It was a lazy day, under a lazy sun, that swung idly through a sky of

glorious blue. About 10 o'clock Art started for camp in the motor to bring out a hot dinner. To pass what hour, Dave proposed a swim.

The surface water was warm and fine. Let yourself down to tread water and your feet would almost freeze. At any time cold drinking water is secured by pushing a jug, tied to the end of a pole, deep into the water, and jerking out the cork with a string.

One day a gig-head was lost in eight feet of water. One dive to the bottom after the lost spear quickly convinced the swimmer that Colorado's law against spearfishing should be strictly observed, so far as he was concerned. Even at that depth the cold is extreme. The cold water and complete absence of mud in these lakes explains the fine quality of the fish.

There is a drop just after the water leaves the gates of the lake on the way to the irrigation ditches.

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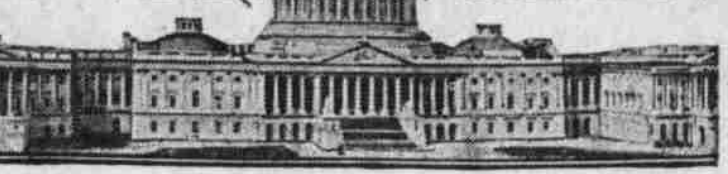
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NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Washington Is a City of Many Tall Flagpoles

